

The Lacombe Advertiser

AND CENTRAL ALBERTA NEWS.

VOL. X.

LACOMBE, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909

NO 41

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits Exceed **\$5,000,000**

Covers the West

The Union Bank has over 145 Branches in Canada, and over two thirds—or nearly 100—of these are in the West, from Port William to Prince Rupert.

Rupert.

To Western Farmers, Ranchers, Grain and Cattle Dealers and Merchants, and to Eastern firms doing business in the West, we offer an unequalled Banking service.

Savings Department at every Branch. \$1.00 opens an account, on which Interest at highest current rate is paid.

LACOMBE BRANCH: W. F. GRAHAM, Manager.

A Poor Man's Chance!

Or a good opportunity for a speculator to make money.

A 5 roomed house and small stable for the low price of \$1050. \$50 cash, balance by rent.

An 11 roomed house and stable, price \$2300. \$100 cash and balance by rent.

An 8 roomed house and large lot, price \$250 down, balance can be arranged.

Small Cottage, 4 rooms, nice lot, price \$600. Terms.

A 3 roomed cottage with stable, \$700. Terms easy.

A 7 roomed house with large barn, price \$2500. \$250 cash, balance by monthly rent.

One large cow, quiet, coming in.

One heifer, milking.

2 calves, will sell cheap or trade for a horse.

A good piano for sale.

Quarter section 8 miles from Lacombe, fenced, price \$6 an acre.

Good quarter section six miles out, well improved and cropped with fall wheat, good buildings, price if taken soon \$12 an acre.

A good stock farm, 2 miles from creamery, \$1400. Terms easy. Trade for horses and cattle.

We can insure your horses and cattle against death from any cause. Rates low. Why run any risk? Call and see us.

Employment Agency.

W. Crow & Son,

Lacombe, Alta.

Local and General.

Ammer & Shute, dental parlors, upstairs over Morris & Taylor's hardware store.

Once more the European war cloud has blown over, and peace is said to be now assured, though the details of the arrangement do not seem satisfactory to all concerned.

Alix now has a weekly newspaper, "The Alix Free Press," published by Frederick & Gould. A copy of it reached our exchange table this week. The new paper is a creditable production.

The Woodmen's box social and dance, held in Day's hall on last Friday evening, was a most successful affair. There was a large attendance, the music and floor management were excellent, and the boxes all sold for a good price, the sum realized from the sale being over \$70.

The town drain is fully justifying its construction now by carrying off the surplus water as the snow melts, thereby vastly improving the streets and saving many cellars from being flooded as well. But for all that it must not be abused by turning it into a sewer and thus creating an insupportable nuisance at the catch basin and outlet.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the Estate of Herman Detloff of the Village of Morningside in the Province of Alberta, General Merchant, an Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that the above named Insolvent, lately carrying on business as a General Merchant at the said Village of Morningside, has made an assignment under Chapter 6 of the Act of the Province of Alberta, 1907, of all his estate, credits and effects to John McKeen of the Town of Lacombe in the said Province of Alberta, Agent, for the general benefit of his creditors.

A meeting of the aforesaid creditors of the said Insolvent will be held at the office of the undersigned in the said Town of Lacombe, on Monday, the 19th day of April A. D. 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., to receive a statement of affairs, to appoint inspectors, and for the ordering of the affairs of the said estate generally.

Creditors are requested to file their claims with the said Assignee, duly verified, together with such vouchers as the nature of the case shall admit of, on or before the day of such said meeting.

And Notice is hereby further given that after the first day of May 1909, the said Assignee will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the persons appearing entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall then have been given, and that he will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims he shall not then have had notice.

Dated at Lacombe, Alberta, this 31st day of March A. D. 1909.

J. I. POOLE,

Solicitor for the said Assignee.

A Western Train Wreck.

Brandon, March 29.—A head-on collision occurred a mile and a half west of here on Saturday, resulting in the death of three C. P. R. employees—Engineer Hiram Hodgson, Fireman W. J. Percy and Brakeman Thos. Leach, all of Brandon.

The Estavan passenger pulled out of here at 1:30 under Conductor Machan, with orders to run to Kennay, on the old south track. For some unknown reason however, the train switched on to the north track west of the depot and a mile further, where the line curves in a cutting, crashed at good speed into a heavy, fast eastbound freight said to be running 40 miles per hour.

The terrific impact crushed the smaller passenger engine like a paper box, and wedged the two locomotives solidly together; the tender of the passenger engine, express car and five wheat cars being ditched and reduced to splinters.

The engineer and fireman of the passenger train were fearfully mangled. Leach, who was breaking on the freight, appears to have broken his neck by being thrown off the big mogul, others of the crew jumping to safety.

The conductor of the freight was the first to see the oncoming passenger and jammed on the air brakes. But for this the disaster would have been terrible, for as it was the passenger train was driven back forty yards. Expressman Schiden and Baggageman Bird miraculously escaped serious injuries when the car was destroyed. It is doubtful if the dead engineer ever saw the freight owing to a curve in the cutting and the steam obscuring the view. All the victims were married and Hodgson was about to retire from the service.

After the investigation, which was held on Sunday, Supt. Uren stated the train orders of the deceased Engineer Hodgson and the conductor of the passenger were equally at fault. The superintendent could only surmise that the engineer was not in a normal state of health, and that the conductor was busy in the train. Uren says it is a straight piece of track.

Hodgson had been with the company 25 years and had an excellent reputation. Investigation showed that the freight had slackened speed as customary when rounding the curve just beyond the scene of the accident. Brakeman Leach's death was peculiar. It seems when the engineer warned him to jump, for some reason or other, he tried to cross the engine but failed before the crash came and was killed by being thrown against a tender. Percy and Leach were both married but had no families. The remains of Hodgson will be shipped to Fort William.

Strike on the G. T. P.

Prince Rupert, Mar. 27.—There is practically no change in the con-

The W. E. Lord Co.

Have You Seen the Stunning New Suits, Coats and Skirts for Spring?



Our window showing gives you but a very vague idea of their excellence and beauty; to obtain a correct idea, it is imperative that you visit our women's garment section, where the best assortment of modish apparel we have ever shown awaits your viewing.

There you will find Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Cravenette Coats, all American fashioned and made by the highest class American tailors. Every garment thoroughly up to date in style and material and all at most reasonable prices.

Suits—Second shipment to hand, showing some very handsome styles, no two alike. Prices.....\$15.00 to \$25.00

Skirts—A splendid assortment, showing some very new styles in plain and fancy Worsted, Seres, Viennas, Venetians, Mohairs. Prices \$2.50 to \$12.00

Cravenette Coats—An extra large assortment to choose from, better values than we were ever able to give before. Some splendid coats at \$5.00 and \$6.00 others at.....\$10.00, \$12.00 to \$15.00

THE W. E. LORD COMPANY. STORES

LACOMBE

RED DEER

dition of affairs on the first mile of construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific under contract to Foley, Welsh & Stewart, and "subbed" to Ross & McColl. Two weeks ago last Monday all the men who had been receiving \$2.25 and \$2.50 per day for ten hours' work made a demand for \$3 per day all round, and refused to return to work until their demand was granted. The contractors refused to consider the \$3 rate on this section of the work, although it is reported that figure is being paid farther up the Skeena, and the men are still out.

During the week an inquiry was held in the courthouse before William Manson, government agent, but no settlement has been reached. J. B. L. MacDonald, superintendent of construction, and R. McColl, one of the sub-contractors represented the contractors while President Dunnett and Secretary Patrick Daly of the Prince Rupert Workingmen's association, looked after the interests of the men. Mr. MacDonald offered to pay a minimum wage of \$2.50 per day on this piece of work but when the proposition was laid before the members of the association it was unanimously rejected.

Large numbers of working men have been arriving on boats from the south to fill the vacancies, but when they learned the men were holding out for a \$3 per day scale, all refused to go to work and as a result the two big steam shovels and four construction camps are waiting for a settlement. Many of the men have gone farther up the Skeena where a shortage of labor in many camps was reported, while others have returned to Vancouver and Seattle where labor conditions are reported to be equally as good if not better than they are at Prince Rupert. Now that the spring rush is on again for the north many have gone to Alaska and Yukon, where a much higher scale of wages is being paid for the same class of work.

Canada's exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle will be the most comprehensive ever undertaken by the Canadian government in connection with a world's fair.

Hospital Fund.

Lacombe, March 4.
Surplus from Beaudet's Ball.....\$5.75
Total of Dec. 3.....\$1087.30
Total cash on hand.....1083.05
Amount paid for hospital site.....\$11.00
Total contributions to date.....\$1404.50

THE MYSTERY

By Stewart Edward White
And Samuel Hopkins Adams
Copyright, 1911, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

(Continued)
CHAPTER XXXIII.

REST and good food quickly brought Percy Darrow back to his normal poise. One inspection testified Dr. Trendon that all was well with him. He asked to see the captain, and that gentleman came to Trendon's room, which had been assigned to the recovered man.

"I hope you have been able to make yourself comfortable," said the commander. "I am glad to hear it."

"It would be strange indeed if I could not," returned Darrow, smiling. "You forget that you have not a savage down in the gut of me."

"Make yourself free of Trendon's room," said Captain Parkinson. "Four fellows will not use them again, I fear."

"One of your men lost?" asked Darrow. "Ah! The young officer whose body I found on the beach yesterday?"

"No. But we have to thank you for that burial," said the captain.

Darrow made a swift gesture. "Oh, if thanks are going to be cried, and passed in hopelessness of adequate expression."

"This has been a bitter cruise for me," continued the captain. He sighed and was silent for a moment. "There is much to tell and to be told," he resumed.

"Much?" agreed the other gravely. "You will want to see Slade first, I presume?" said the captain.

"One of your officers whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting?" The captain stared. "Slade," he said. "Ralph Slade."

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like it."

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the *Laughing Lass*. The journalist who had been with you?"

"The captain stared. 'Slade,' he said. 'Ralph Slade.'

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like it."

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the *Laughing Lass*. The journalist who had been with you?"

"The captain stared. 'Slade,' he said. 'Ralph Slade.'

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like it."

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the *Laughing Lass*. The journalist who had been with you?"

"The captain stared. 'Slade,' he said. 'Ralph Slade.'

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like it."

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the *Laughing Lass*. The journalist who had been with you?"

"The captain stared. 'Slade,' he said. 'Ralph Slade.'

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like it."

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the *Laughing Lass*. The journalist who had been with you?"

"The captain stared. 'Slade,' he said. 'Ralph Slade.'

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will feel more like it."

Dr. Trendon's patient, Mr. said, Captain Parkinson, with emphasis. "Outside of that your attitude toward a man who has twice thought of your life before his own is for you to determine."

"No little criticism lurked in Darrow's tones as he said."

"You have confidence in Mr. Slade, alias Eagen?"

"Yes," replied Captain Parkinson in a tone that closed that topic.

"Still, I should be glad to have you gentlemen present if only for a moment," insisted Darrow presently.

"Verily it would be as well on account of the patient," said the surgeon significantly.

"Very well," assented the captain.

The three went to Slade's cabin. He was lying propped up in his bunk. Trendon entered first, followed by the captain, then Darrow.

"Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.

Darrow halted just inside the door. With a single light in his face Slade leaned forward and stretched out his hand.

"You old man," he cried.

Darrow's eyebrows went up. Before Slade had time to note that there was

"Night of June 2," said Barnett.

"June 2?" agreed Darrow. "That was the end of Solomon, Thrackles & Co. A very dark night. The moon was full. I had time to think," he added grimly.

"Surprising enough from the survivor's viewpoint," said Slade.

"Doubtful that that story from you. I need to go over it. This ship picked up the *Laughing Lass*, deserted, and put your first crew aboard. That night was it not, you say the second pillar of the?"

Barnett nodded.

"So your men met their death. Then came the second finding of the empty schooner. Captain Parkinson, they must have been brave men who faced the unknown terror of that prodigy of the sea."

"They volunteered, sir," said the captain, with simple pride.

Darrow bowed with a suggestion of reverence in the slow movement of his head. "And that night—or was it two nights later—you saw the last appearance of the purport? Well, I shall come to that. Slade has told you how they lived on the beach. With us in the valley it was different. Almost from the first I was alone. The doctor ceased to be a companion. He ceased to be human almost. A machine, that's what he was. His one human instinct was—well, distrust. His whole life and being was centered on his discovery. It was to make him the foremost scientist of the world; the foremost individuality of his time of all time possibly. Even to outline it to you would take too much time. Light, heat, motive power in its incredible degrees and such control as has never been known. These were to be the agencies at his call. The push of a button, the turn of a screw, and he was to be able to use such power as no monarch ever wielded! Riches—pshaw! Riches were the least of it. He could create them practically. But they wouldn't serve. Power! Unlimited, absolute power was his goal. With his end achieved, he could establish an autocracy. A dynasty of science—never before. Oh! It was a rich bed, golden, glowing dream, a dream such as men's souls don't forsake. The state days—not our kind of men. The Teutonic mysticism—you understand. And it was all true. Oh, quite!"

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

of ocean currents may have swept them far away. The last great glow that you saw was the signal of their destruction. You see, the work of a scientist, a potent benefactor of the race, a gentle and kindly old heart, has brought about the death of your friends and of my enemies. The innocent and the guilty, the murderer with his plunder, the officer following his duty, one and the same end—a jolly thing, our scientific science in the face of such tangled fates. He spoke low and bitterly. Thee he squared his shoulders, and his manner became businesslike.

"Interrupt me when any point needs clearing up," he said. "It's a blind trail at best. You're the right to see it as plain as I can make it—with Slade's help. Cut right in with your questions. There'll be plenty to answer, and some never will be answered. Now, let me get this thing laid out clearly in my own mind. You first saw the glow—let me see."

"Night of June 2," said Barnett.

"June 2?" agreed Darrow. "That was the end of Solomon, Thrackles & Co. A very dark night. The moon was full. I had time to think," he added grimly.

"Surprising enough from the survivor's viewpoint," said Slade.

"Doubtful that that story from you. I need to go over it. This ship picked up the *Laughing Lass*, deserted, and put your first crew aboard. That night was it not, you say the second pillar of the?"

Barnett nodded.

"So your men met their death. Then came the second finding of the empty schooner. Captain Parkinson, they must have been brave men who faced the unknown terror of that prodigy of the sea."

"They volunteered, sir," said the captain, with simple pride.

Darrow bowed with a suggestion of reverence in the slow movement of his head. "And that night—or was it two nights later—you saw the last appearance of the purport? Well, I shall come to that. Slade has told you how they lived on the beach. With us in the valley it was different. Almost from the first I was alone. The doctor ceased to be a companion. He ceased to be human almost. A machine, that's what he was. His one human instinct was—well, distrust. His whole life and being was centered on his discovery. It was to make him the foremost scientist of the world; the foremost individuality of his time of all time possibly. Even to outline it to you would take too much time. Light, heat, motive power in its incredible degrees and such control as has never been known. These were to be the agencies at his call. The push of a button, the turn of a screw, and he was to be able to use such power as no monarch ever wielded! Riches—pshaw! Riches were the least of it. He could create them practically. But they wouldn't serve. Power! Unlimited, absolute power was his goal. With his end achieved, he could establish an autocracy. A dynasty of science—never before. Oh! It was a rich bed, golden, glowing dream, a dream such as men's souls don't forsake. The state days—not our kind of men. The Teutonic mysticism—you understand. And it was all true. Oh, quite!"

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

"His cigarette glowed in the darkness as he spoke. He took up his tale again."

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical thing. A man with a steel tool. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the great vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

MOUTH EXERCISES.

Good Expression of This Facial Feature Makes Plain Women Attractive.

The woman of today who would exercise the full list of her charms must educate her features.

It is not enough that she be young, pretty and know how to dress. Unless she is mistress of all the changing shades of countenance she will fall short of success in the eyes of the man who is well equipped in the essentials, but who knows how to make a mirror of her face.

By the education of the featured the plainest woman may take on a certain amount of good looks, while a beautiful woman may become absolutely radiant.

The face is capable of an infinite variety of expressions. A good part of the art of the actor consists in knowing how to dispose his features as to give them the varied expression of grief, horror, amusement, whimsicality or affection.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

The best things can be done with the eyes and the mouth. Not much is possible with the nose. That is fixed and rigid. It cannot be made to dimple, nor can it be turned into classic Grecian.

As if to compensate for this is the fact that almost any shade of expression can be thrown into the mouth and eyes.

The mouths of those who are sullen, morose or unhappy are nearly always turned down at the corners. Unconsciously they have in years of habit posed this expression till it has become a permanent part of their muscles that pull down the corners of the mouth.

BRIDESMAIDS' GIFTS.

Novel Way of Presenting Souvenirs to Wedding Attendants.

At a recent wedding the bride hit on a novel way of presenting the souvenirs to her bridesmaids that added much to the interest of the occasion.

After much looking she found in a Russian art store a number of fascinating old silver belt buckles, such as are worn by the peasants in Russia.

The one drawback was that eight buckles alike were not to be purchased. But the girl hit on the happy plan of making the bridesmaids draw for their own gifts.

Each buckle was done up daintily in a box used for the wedding cake, with the monogram of the bride and groom on top. These were put in the center of a wedding bell of white glass chrysanthemums, and a white ribbon was slipped, the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each package.

The bell was a homestead affair, made of wood, with the ends of the silver paper, was attached to each

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE
PROVED ZAM-BUK.Scientists, Analysts, Magistrate, and
War Correspondent all Testify.

Men and women great in point of knowledge, position and experience, say that Zam-Buk stands superior to all other healing remedies. Here are the opinions of the following eminent men:

Mr. C. E. Sanford of Weston, King's Co., N.S., a magistrate, a School Commissioner, and Baptist Deacon, says: "Zam-Buk cured my cold, my cough, my asthma, which had defied every other remedy tried during twenty years. It also cured me of piles, and I take pleasure in recommending it to my fellow-men."

Mr. Frank Scudamore, the famous war correspondent, who has gone through twenty-nine battles, and whose dispatches during the Boer War were so eagerly read from coast to coast in Canada, says: "Owing to the poisonous dye from an underground penetrating a slight scratch, my leg broke out in ulcers. One time I had seventeen ulcers on my left leg, into each of which I could put my thumb, and had a smaller ulcer on my right leg. Remedy after remedy failed to heal these, and I was well nigh worn out, and I took of sleep. Zam-Buk was introduced, and I am glad to say that it gave me speedy relief. A few weeks' treatment resulted in a perfect cure of all the ulcers."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, whose reputation as a scientist is world-wide, in a book recently published ("Homesick Talks on First-Aid") says: "Zam-Buk may be relied upon as an antiseptic dressing which requires no preparation, and has the power of curing all open wounds or injuries."

Mr. W. Lascelles-Scott, the famous analyst to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, says: "I have no hesitation in certifying the entire purity of Zam-Buk. It is of great curing power on open wounds or injuries."

No one could go on quoting authority after authority, but the fact is based on personal tests, that Zam-Buk should be in every home. Zam-Buk is a cure for all cuts, burns, scratches, cold-sores, chapped hands, ulcers, scalp sores, ringworm, blood-poisoning, and eczema. It may be used extensively for piles, for which it is without equal. All druggists and stores sell it at 25c. per tin. It is the post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. You are warned against terminal imitations.

A New Manitoba Strawberry.

A new strawberry, originated in Manitoba, has been placed on the market this year by The Buchanan Nursery Co., of Winnipeg. This is the first new Manitoba variety of strawberry to be placed on the market. Mr. Buchanan has produced many new varieties of strawberries, as well as new varieties of other fruits, but this is the first one that has been offered to the public. It is a large, productive, of good quality, especially for long storage. The new berry is a cross of the Crescent and Sharpless. Write to Buchanan's Nursery, St. Charles, Man., for further information about this new fruit.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, as well as new varieties of other fruits, but this is the first one that has been offered to the public. It is a large, productive, of good quality, especially for long storage. The new berry is a cross of the Crescent and Sharpless. Write to Buchanan's Nursery, St. Charles, Man., for further information about this new fruit.

The bony frame of the average whale weighs about 45 tons.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is to use the only medicine. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, no hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrh of the Eustachian Tube (which cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free. F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Medicine for constipation.

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family. "No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't need to talk." "Doesn't need to talk?" "No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets anything there in its own house that's worth having."—Scottish American.

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a darker shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a darker shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

DYED TO SAVE LIFE.

Lady Ramsey Was Saved in Indian Mutiny by Ayah.

The history of the family of the Duke of Atholl, the heir to which title, the Marquis of Tullibardine, has celebrated his fourteenth birthday, goes far back into the mists of antiquity, for the first Earl of Tullibardine, who resided in the castle of Tullibardine, twelfth hereditary baron of that place. Lord Tullibardine entered the Black Watch at one-and-twenty, and two years later exchanged into the Royal Horse Guards, his first public appearance as an officer of the latter regiment being an unfortunate one. It was on the occasion of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Lord Tullibardine was acting as a member of the guard of honor to the Royal Highnesses, when his horse stumbled and threw him heavily. Probably his helmet saved his head, but he was badly hurt, both by the fall and by the animal trampling on him. In 1896 he volunteered for the Boer War, and distinguished himself at Almansa and Omdurman, gaining two medals, and a D.S.O. For his services in the Boer War, he was promoted to the rank of Major, and was sent to the front with the 1st Battalion of the Buffs. He was killed at the battle of the Trenches in 1900.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, whose reputation as a scientist is world-wide, in a book recently published ("Homesick Talks on First-Aid") says: "Zam-Buk may be relied upon as an antiseptic dressing which requires no preparation, and has the power of curing all open wounds or injuries."

Mr. W. Lascelles-Scott, the famous analyst to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, says: "I have no hesitation in certifying the entire purity of Zam-Buk. It is of great curing power on open wounds or injuries."

A New Manitoba Strawberry.

A new strawberry, originated in Manitoba, has been placed on the market this year by The Buchanan Nursery Co., of Winnipeg. This is the first new Manitoba variety of strawberry to be placed on the market. Mr. Buchanan has produced many new varieties of strawberries, as well as new varieties of other fruits, but this is the first one that has been offered to the public. It is a large, productive, of good quality, especially for long storage. The new berry is a cross of the Crescent and Sharpless. Write to Buchanan's Nursery, St. Charles, Man., for further information about this new fruit.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, as well as new varieties of other fruits, but this is the first one that has been offered to the public. It is a large, productive, of good quality, especially for long storage. The new berry is a cross of the Crescent and Sharpless. Write to Buchanan's Nursery, St. Charles, Man., for further information about this new fruit.

The bony frame of the average whale weighs about 45 tons.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is to use the only medicine. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, no hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrh of the Eustachian Tube (which cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free. F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Medicine for constipation.

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family. "No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't need to talk." "Doesn't need to talk?" "No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets anything there in its own house that's worth having."—Scottish American.

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a darker shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a darker shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

A Happy Family

Child's Life Saved by PSYCHINE.

Mrs. E. Obadiah, of Obadiah, Ont., declares that PSYCHINE saved her child's life. It was in March, 1907. On August 11th, 1908, 17 months later, she writes: "The condition of my family's health is decidedly good. I give PSYCHINE to each member of my family, right in number and I consider their good health is due to PSYCHINE, which we recognize and believe to be the greatest of Tonics. My husband and myself pin our faith to PSYCHINE because it has done so much for us in times past when hard pressed with sickness. I would be glad if you referred me to any skeptical person and you can use my name for this purpose."

No words of ours could be stronger. PSYCHINE is the greatest of Tonics for the throat, lungs and stomach. All druggists and stores sell it. It is sold in bottles of 10c. and 25c. to Dr. T. A. SLOTT, LIMITED, Toronto. All run-down people should use PSYCHINE.

The other people's business man persisted in trying to extract information from me, but I refused to let any man next him in the Pullman smoker.

"How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "should say at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

It testifies for itself.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil needs no testimonial of its powers other than itself. Whoever tries for coughs or colds, for cuts or contusions, for sprains or burns, for pains in the limbs or body, will know that it is a great remedy. This shows why this Oil is in general use.

First Visitor.—Most interesting count round about here. Have you seen the new building?

Second Visitor (who has just paid the bill)—Yes; I suppose you mean the guests leaving this hotel.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Reporter.—But, Senator, in a Government like yours don't you believe in the principle of rotary motion?

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Noah was plainly downcast.

"I brought along plenty of clothes for my wife and she says they look as if they came out of the ark," he cried.

He pointed to the top boy, who was carrying a bundle of baggage was a mistake.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Some time ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria, which laid me up two weeks and cost a lot of money.

Finding the lump again forming in my throat, I rubbed freely with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and saturating a cloth with the liniment left it on all night.

Next morning the swelling was gone and I attributed the warding off of an attack of diphtheria to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

G. F. WORDEN.

St. John.

The inspector was examining Standard, and all the class had been present told beforehand by their master.

"Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.

"You tell me," said the inspector, who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?

He pointed to the top boy, who was carrying a bundle of baggage was a mistake.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Some time ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria, which laid me up two weeks and cost a lot of money.

Finding the lump again forming in my throat, I rubbed freely with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and saturating a cloth with the liniment left it on all night.

Next morning the swelling was gone and I attributed the warding off of an attack of diphtheria to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

G. F. WORDEN.

St. John.

WORK AND WORRY

Weakens Women

New Health and Strength Can Be Had Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is useless to lead a hard working life, and to take little rest, and not to worry. But it is the duty of every woman to save her strength as much as possible, and to build up her system as may be and to build up her system to meet any unusual demands.

It is her duty to her family, her country, her future health depends upon it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine actually makes new blood, strengthens the nervous system, the appetite and keeps every organ healthily toned up.

Women cannot rest when they should, but they can keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have done more to lighten the care of weak women than any other medicine.

Mrs. James H. Ward, London's Cove, N. B., says: "About two years ago I suffered from nervous prostration, and I was in a helpless state. I suffered from headache and constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual move would startle me, and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do that without stopping every day in a deplorable condition."

As the medicine I had been taking did not seem to do me good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking them a few days when I began to feel somewhat better, and this encouraged me to continue the treatment, and I was surprised to find that I was gradually but surely returned, and in the course of a few more weeks I was able to do my usual work, and my own household, and feeling better and better for years. I have remained well, and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every other medicine, which would mean should follow the example of the medicine I had been taking, and I should have been able to do my usual work, and my own household, and feeling better and better for years. I have remained well, and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Belle De Rivera, whose special knowledge of New York public school life has been frequently reported at a recent dinner of public school episodes.

One concerned the small boy's winter hatred of cold water.

"Your teacher," began Mrs. De Rivera, "said one morning to a little boy, 'What are you doing?'"

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

"Maori" Browne Will Marry a Wealthy English Woman.

A romantic wedding will shortly take place, when Col. "Maori" Browne is to be married to a lady of wealth and position. The story of this love match is as remarkable as anything in the annals of fiction, and seldom has the wheel of fortune turned more rapidly for a man. Three months ago Col. G. Hamilton Browne, "Maori" Browne to all his friends, was stranded in London, and appealed for any work, no matter how humble. The Salvation Army helped him in his search for employment, and the colonel, who had served his country all over the Empire, offered to black boots for a living. He was left at the age of 65 without a pension, as he had commanded only irregular Colonial troops, and for three weeks he had lived by the sale of his medals.

Then Col. Browne, who had served his country for 40 years and been through the Zulu war and Matabele campaign, was depicted with pen and pencil as a pauper.

At this point, when things looked at their blackest, the colonel's luck turned. One day a letter came from London, which was the start of the Hamilton Browne who had served in Zululand with a man whose name he could not remember.

The letter was from a man whose name he could not remember, and who wrote to him telling what he remembered of it. The man he had never met, and who was now in the Zulu campaign had afterwards died in the Sudan, and the lady had never married.

Between Col. Browne and the lady led to a meeting, which ripened into an acquaintanceship, and then into an engagement. Col. Browne, who counts among his friends Lord Roberts and Gen. Baden-Powell, belongs to an old family, and was educated at Cheltenham. His long military career began in New Zealand in 1862, when he was stationed in South Africa, where he won great distinction. He was commended for gallantry on the front, and was a eyewitness of the great disaster of Landwain.

A Post's Wedding Cake.

The day Lord Tennyson, who has resigned his chairmanship of the League of the Empire, was born at Twickenham, August 11th, 1829, his father being a great English poet, in a letter to a friend, wrote: "The little monster does anything but what he says, and is a continual source of annoyance to me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine actually makes new blood, strengthens the nervous system, the appetite and keeps every organ healthily toned up.

Women cannot rest when they should, but they can keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have done more to lighten the care of weak women than any other medicine.

Mrs. James H. Ward, London's Cove, N. B., says: "About two years ago I suffered from nervous prostration, and I was in a helpless state. I suffered from headache and constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual move would startle me, and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do that without stopping every day in a deplorable condition."

As the medicine I had been taking did not seem to do me good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking them a few days when I began to feel somewhat better, and this encouraged me to continue the treatment, and I was surprised to find that I was gradually but surely returned, and in the course of a few more weeks I was able to do my usual work, and my own household, and feeling better and better for years. I have remained well, and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every other medicine, which would mean should follow the example of the medicine I had been taking, and I should have been able to do my usual work, and my own household, and feeling better and better for years. I have remained well, and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Belle De Rivera, whose special knowledge of New York public school life has been frequently reported at a recent dinner of public school episodes.

One concerned the small boy's winter hatred of cold water.

"Your teacher," began Mrs. De Rivera, "said one morning to a little boy, 'What are you doing?'"

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

"A Turkish bath is such an excellent thing," remarked the prince's equerry, "but I have often wished the Turks who sell candies at expositions would take one occasionally."—Chicago Tribune.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance," said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." Neither do I," replied the disappointed-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—Philadelphia Record.

"I'm ashamed of you. Your cheek is all black and sticky. Go and wash your face with cold water."

"Jimmy went out to the hydrant, moistened his wash rag and rubbed it on his face with his hand, and returned to the school room."

"Which cheek did you say?" he inquired.—Echostar Herald.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

A BASKET FULL of clean, sweet-smelling linen is awaited with half the toil and half the time if Sunlight Soap is used. Sunlight shortens the day's work, but lengthens the life of your clothes.

A romantic wedding will shortly take place, when Col. "Maori" Browne is to be married to a lady of wealth and position. The story of this love match is as remarkable as anything in the annals of fiction, and seldom has the wheel of fortune turned more rapidly for a man. Three months ago Col. G. Hamilton Browne, "Maori" Browne to all his friends, was stranded in London, and appealed for any work, no matter how humble. The Salvation Army helped him in his search for employment, and the colonel, who had served his country all over the Empire, offered to black boots for a living. He was left at the age of 65 without a pension, as he had commanded only irregular Colonial troops, and for three weeks he had lived by the sale of his medals.

Then Col. Browne, who had served his country for 40 years and been through the Zulu war and Matabele campaign, was depicted with pen and pencil as a pauper.

At this point, when things looked at their blackest, the colonel's luck turned. One day a letter came from London, which was the start of the Hamilton Browne who had served in Zululand with a man whose name he could not remember.

The letter was from a man whose name he could not remember, and who wrote to him telling what he remembered of it. The man he had never met, and who was now in the Zulu campaign had afterwards died in the Sudan, and the lady had never married.

Between Col. Browne and the lady led to a meeting, which ripened into an acquaintanceship, and then into an engagement. Col. Browne, who counts among his friends Lord Roberts and Gen. Baden-Powell, belongs to an old family, and was educated at Cheltenham. His long military career began in New Zealand in 1862, when he was stationed in South Africa, where he won great distinction. He was commended for gallantry on the front, and was a eyewitness of the great disaster of Landwain.

A Post's Wedding Cake.

The day Lord Tennyson, who has resigned his chairmanship of the League of the Empire, was born at Twickenham, August 11th, 1829, his father being a great English poet, in a letter to a friend, wrote: "The little monster does anything but what he says, and is a continual source of annoyance

The Advertiser.

LACOMBE, ALTA.

The Lacombe Advertiser is published every Thursday evening at the office, Bennett Avenue, Lacombe. Subscription \$3.00 per year in advance.

All kinds of Job Printing turned out in first class style.

F. H. HOSKINS, Publisher.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909

They Were Election Bribes.

Ottawa, March 31.—In the dying hours of the last parliament there were passed appropriations of millions for public works, harbors, wharves, etc. They were scattered with a careful and a cautious hand through close and doubtful constituencies from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Hon. W. S. Fielding and Hon. Wm. Pugsley had particularly provided for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It was charged by the Conservatives that the appropriations were purely and simply inserted in the estimates as election bribes. The ministers with a touching air of injured innocence emphatically denied such insinuations.

This season the opposition is having ample proof of the truth of their assertions. The government has grown suddenly economical and the appropriations are being dropped by the wholesale. Where a constituency has returned an opposition supporter the items are invariably cut off. "Punishment," they call it at Ottawa. Twisted about it, Mr. Pugsley shouts "Hard times." Asked if the country is not more prosperous today than a year ago when the appropriations were made the minister sidestepped by promising an investigation.

Crit Government Wedded to Its Bribery Schemes.

Ottawa, March 18.—In the house of commons today, on motion to go into supply, Mr. Burrell (Yale-Cariboo) brought up the subject of deferred elections, moving an amendment affirming that for the purpose of enabling electors to exercise the full rights and privileges of their franchise the general elections should be held on the same day throughout Canada. He emphasized the paramount importance of the franchise, and declared that the time was ripe for the abolition of deferred elections throughout Canada. By deferring elections the franchise in the constituency so treated was crippled, maimed and robbed of half its value. It means the lessening of interest felt by thousands of Canadians in the affairs of their country. In 1904 the issue before the general electorate was the G. T. P. bargain. He campaigned for six months in Yale-Cariboo on that issue and at the close found the polling postponed; the general election settled the question and for three weeks he had to face the electors with no program. The voice of the people in the constituency was stifled.

Mr. Burrell then discussed the special circumstances of British Columbia, controverting the statement that it was impossible to reach all parts of certain constituencies within the statutory time. In the case of his own riding the reason for deferring the polling was because that was the only way his opponent could hope to win. He adduced many details to prove this. Dealing with the question of practicability he pointed out that from dissolution to polling day last autumn 38 days elapsed, a time which would have been ample. In the case of the by-election in

Comox-Atlin, admittedly the most difficult in the province, the time from the issue of the writ to the election was 59 days, or nine less than 98, which were available last autumn. Further, in case of need the writ could be sent by wire and so save several days.

Burrell further noted the way in which bribery by public works was used in a deferred election. In the general election some uncertainty existed as to whether persons promising these works could carry out their promises. In deferred elections there was no such doubt, and the public works argument was used with merciless force. Of this he gave examples from his own constituency. For example, in 1904 Mr. Templeman promised his own town, Grand Forks, a post office. After four years all it got was a site, bought six days before the election of 1908.

Templeman challenged the statement that he had spoken in Grand Forks.

Burrell replied that he must accept Templeman's statement in a parliamentary sense, but that he knew that the speech had been made. Further discussion revealed the fact that Templeman thought the reference was to the 1908 campaign, whereas Burrell had been speaking of 1904, and Templeman hastily withdrew his contradiction.

Burrell followed this up by reference to the speeches of Frank Oliver, Walter Scott and many other Liberals in his riding in 1908 and by reading numerous extracts from Liberal newspapers, urging that the only question the people were interested in was that of public works and that Duncan Ross could get these and Martin Burrell could not. Concluding, he argued for a longer notice of the date of election, remarking that a good deal is to be said for a fixed date of elections.

Fielding advised the house not to accept the amendment and complained that Burrell, by moving the amendment to supply had made it vote of want of confidence. Mr. Monk and Mr. Goodeve replied to Fielding's complaint, both pointing out that the government had repeatedly accepted amendments to go into supply, from both sides of the house, and scoring the government heavily for disfranchisement by way of deferred elections.

Mr. Foster described the system of deferred elections as "loaded dice," an enemy to the commonwealth, country and public life, because it lends force to the argument of public works.

After several other speeches the vote was taken and the amendment was defeated by the usual party majority.

A Diabolical Murderess.

St. Petersburg, Russia, Mar. 30.—Charged with having committed some three hundred murders a woman named Popova has been arrested at Samara.

During the last thirty years it appears the woman has made a practice of ridding captious wives of their husbands by means of poison. She charged a small fee and is said to have executed commissions with despatch. One of her clients, tormented by remorse, has now denounced her.

Mme. Popova has confessed to having committed the murders but protests that she did excellent work in freeing unhappy wives from their tyrants. She never murdered a woman. A mob sought to seize her and burn her at the stake but was prevented by the police.

5,000 Facts About Canada.

The public will welcome the 1909 revised edition of this valuable booklet, which has been happily described as a "tabloid encyclopedia of Canada." It is unique and clever in its arrangement as worked out by its compiler, Mr. Frank Yeigh, of Toronto, the well known writer and lecturer. 50,000 copies have already been sold. The resources, wealth, and business of the country are given in a concrete form—a fact in a sentence. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M. P. for York, says: "It is an eye-opener to even a keen Canadian like myself." A copy may be had for 20 cents from the Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 687 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Food for Thought.

"World Wide" is a publication that will not interest the ignorant or the people who do not want to think, but those who wish to keep in touch with great thinkers of the time in Great Britain and the United States will find it both invaluable and extremely entertaining. "World Wide" is unique. It is the only Canadian paper of its kind and the only paper of its kind in the world, to our knowledge, that gives such a wealth of strong and suggestive writing on every subject for so small a subscription price. The peculiar mission of "World Wide" seems to be that of turning the full tide of British and American thought into a Canadian channel at a price which puts it within the reach of every one. "World Wide" has no axe to grind and is free alike from partisanship and faddishness. The following opinions may be taken as representing the opinion of all "World Wide" readers who are wont to speak most highly about their favorite review.

"World Wide" is a very interesting and instructive paper, and its selections have been made with excellent judgment."—H. J. Cundell, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

"I have found 'World Wide' both interesting and instructive, the articles and cartoons judiciously selected."—Judge C. O. Ernesting, Judge Chambers, St. Thomas, Ont.

"I have taken 'World Wide' ever since its publication, and I consider it not only the best eclectic at the price, but the equal of any and the superior of most. It is a great boon to a busy man."—Rev. F. Friggess, Liverpool, N. S.

"World Wide" is invaluable to business men and others as a means of keeping in touch with current thoughts and events the world over."—Mr. H. H. Loosmore, Standard Bank, Parkhill, Ont.

"I have no hesitation in expressing my unqualified satisfaction with 'World Wide.' The articles are selected with care and discrimination."—Rev. A. A. Von Iffland, Bergerville, Que.

"World Wide" is issued every week at five cents at all the leading bookstores, or at \$1.50 a year, mailed to any part of the world, by John Douglall & Son, Witcomb Block, Montreal.

Blackfalds Property For Sale or Rent

1. Pennington's farm, adjoining Blackfalds, for sale or rent.
2. Bedford House, 14 rooms, for sale or rent.
3. Three stores for sale.
4. One store to rent.
5. Several houses for sale and rent. Apply

JAS. MCNICOL,
Blackfalds.

Lacombe Dining Hall

Meals at all hours.
Board by the day or week.
Good furnished rooms.

E. W. Howard, Proprietor
(Mrs. Radgell's old stand)
Russell Block, Lacombe

SUFFOLK PUNCHES

Messrs. Jacques Bros., of Lamerton P. O., Alberta, Importers and Breeders' Stallions for sale.

CANADA'S BEST NEWSPAPER.

"A Cloud of Witnesses" among the Press of Canada have nothing but praise for the Montreal "Witness."

To what other large metropolitan newspaper anywhere in Canada has such wholehearted and generous praise ever been accorded as may be found in the following examples of what is being said by press and people all over the Dominion?

"The 'Witness' is a newspaper of which Canadians are justly proud. It publishes all the news in the most straightforward way and its readers are kept well informed. Moreover its readers are leaders in their respective communities, the 'Witness' appealing strongly to the people of character everywhere."

The following statements of fact are worthy the consideration of anyone of our readers.

"The 'Witness' exerts a most beneficial influence in the homes and hearts of our people."—The Late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada.

"The 'Witness' has manifested in an eminent degree the qualities of courage and sincerity."—R. L. Borden, Leader of the Conservative party.

"The Montreal 'Witness' is never influenced by mere party feelings."—The Hamilton Spectator.

"The Montreal 'Witness' numbers among its clientele the most independent and thoughtful newspaper readers in Canada."—Edmonton Bulletin.

"The Montreal 'Witness' stands for purity and honesty in government."—The Hamilton Spectator.

"The Montreal 'Witness' is a newspaper which is bold enough to be honest, and honest enough to be bold."—Sarnia (Ont.) Observer.

"The Montreal 'Witness' was never better or more useful than it is today."—Dominion Prexytorian.

"The 'Witness' is one of the best papers published."—Bowmanville Statesman.

"The 'Witness' never fails to command respect for its fairness and impartiality."—Sarnia Observer.

"The 'Witness' is the most impartial and independent newspaper in Canada."—Charlotte, P. E. I. District.

"The Montreal 'Witness' does nothing small."—Picton Gazette.

"The Montreal 'Witness' is by far the most influential newspaper in Canada."—The Herald, Comber, Ont.

"The 'Witness' is no doubt the best newspaper in Canada."—Northern Advance.

"The 'Witness' deserves the good words that have been said of it."—Christian Guardian.

Right minded people will appreciate such opinions and will pass them to friends who may not have seen them.

The daily edition is \$3.00 a year and the Weekly only \$1.00. These rates are low, since it costs much more to produce a paper like the Witness than it does to produce many of its leading competitors. Character counts because it costs.

The Witness is published by John Douglall & Son, Montreal, and has now completed its sixty-second year.

Notice to Creditors.

In the matter of the Estate of Ira M. Bullock. All creditors having claims against the Estate will present the same, duly verified, on or before the 15th day of March, 1909, to

ALFRED BULLOCK,
Administrator
at Bentley, Alberta, Canada.

FRANK VICKERSON

Financial Agent
Money to Loan
Lacombe Alberta.

COAL AND WOOD

for sale at
T. CUMMINGS'
Corner Hamilton avenue and Day street

A Little Optical Advice

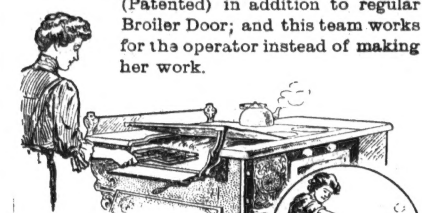
Will probably save you many a headache. Don't be a victim of eyestrain, it will injure your general health as well as ruin your eyes.

Have your eyes properly examined by
Mrs. Meadows, Optician,
131 Jasper W., Edmonton.

Sask-alta Steel Range

BROILING MEAT & TOASTING BREAD

One way produces evenly broiled meat and evenly toasted bread without taxing the patience of the housewife. This way is represented by "Sask-alta" Range. The reason: "Sask-alta" Range has an Automatic Lift Top (Patented) in addition to regular Broiler Door; and this team works for the operator instead of making her work.



The "Sask-alta" Way

Another way produces unevenly broiled meat and unevenly toasted bread and taxes the patience of the housewife. This way is represented by most Ranges. The reason: Some Ranges have "only" a Broiler Door, others have a contrivance like that illustrated in top small drawing; both of which enjoy the distinction of tiring the arm that holds the broiler and tiring the eye that directs the arm.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton, Calgary

GURNEY-OXFORD

means range perfection.

FOR years the name "GURNEY-OXFORD" has stood for the highest development in cooking ranges. No matter what conditions the range must meet, no matter what price you wish to pay, you will get more range efficiency for your money in the "Gurney-Oxford" lines than in any other that's built.

All our years of experience and our store of range knowledge is put into this, one of our latest productions—

Golden Nugget Steel Range

is built of dead flat, patent levelled steel and lined with asbestos—the kind that stands all kinds of heat and never warps or cracks.

It's supplied with the new Gurney-Oxford reversible grate, too. The grate with the interlocking teeth that cut off the dead ashes, when operated, and makes the fire respond quickly. No good coal drops through it either, every particle is burnt. That is one of this range's fuel-saving features.

This grate can be removed and a wood-burning grate substituted without moving a bolt or a screw. Then, notice the extra large oven—splendid for baking day. And the drop door forms a solid shelf for broasting.

The fire linings can be removed without disturbing the top—that means economical repairs.

The Gurney-Oxford Golden Nugget Range is a low-price range with high-price efficiency. We would like to explain it to you in detail.

We know that once you have seen it you won't be satisfied until you have it. This labor-saving, fuel-saving range is your kitchen.

The Gurney Standard Metal Co., Limited
Morris & Taylor, SELLING AGENTS
LACOMBE

131 Jasper W., Edmonton.

ACCEPTABLE SALADS

for the SPRINGTIME

An Attractive Way to Serve Apples and Celery Salad.

A nation we understood little of the possibilities of salads until comparatively few years ago. Those of us who have passed middle life recollect very well when the heavier salads, such as chicken, lobster and salmon, were the only dishes of the sort we would have thought of to offer at a supper or a luncheon. When we had green salads like lettuce we served them, as we did tomatoes or cucumbers, as a sort of side dish, and never gave much thought to their value in the dietary.

With the adaptation of French cooking which has taken place in the last twenty years we have made a decided change, and now on many tables we have a variety of salads that would credit to a Parisian chef. Not only the heavy salads such as I have mentioned, and tomatoes with a score of different kinds of stuffings and cheese salads, but we have learned that few are the cooked vegetables which may not be made into acceptable salads and that there are more green things which are good with a French dressing than we would ever have dreamed of. The housekeeper who has outdoors to draw upon need never be at a loss for an acceptable salad.

To the woman who has not had much experience in this line I would say: Never be afraid to make experiments. Try this I do not mean that you should gather your green things at random. Be sure that they are wholesome and pleasing to the taste, and then go ahead. Study new combinations. You will find you will put together with success vegetables and fruits and meats which had never imagined would be satisfactory in combination. Bear in mind that while there are some things which will not mix, there are many more that will, and that, given a little culinary sense and a perception of the fitness of things, you will have little trouble and much glory if you open novel paths in salad-making.

For hot weather green salads are especially desirable, and have the prime recommendation of cheapness as well as wholesomeness. The following are worth trying:

Young Beets and Peas.
Select young beets of uniform size, boil and peel them. Cut of the center of each cut a round or a square, making a sort of basket or box of each one. (The beet pieces removed may be put away for another sort of salad.) When the beets are cold, fill them with boiled green peas, place each beet on a curled lettuce leaf and serve with French dressing.

Young Beets and String Beans.
Prepare the beets as in the preceding recipe, but instead of the beet fill them with boiled string beans cut into half-inch lengths. These will be almost as pretty as the first salad and quite as good. Serve with a French dressing.

Vegetable Salad.
For this almost any cold boiled vegetables may be used—beans, green peas, cauliflower, beets, potatoes. It is for such a salad as this that the left-over hearts of lettuce may serve. Cut the potatoes and beets into small dice, the beans into half-inch lengths, the cauliflower into little

You Will Put Together with Success Vegetables and Fruit.

pieces. Arrange each vegetable by itself on a platter or in a bowl which has been lined with lettuce leaves. Put a French dressing over all. When this is served with cold meat it makes an acceptable luncheon or supper for a warm day.

Dandelion Salad.
Select the younger and tender leaves and stalks of the dandelion, pick it over and wash it well. Drain it and dry within the folds of a clean dishcloth or napkin. Heap it in a salad bowl, mixing with it a hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces, and pour over it a French dressing, to which has been added a few drops of onion juice. Mix the salad well with the dressing. This is a wholesome salad for the spring of the year and has a little bitter tang about it that is not unpleasant to the palate.

Dandelion and Beet Salad.
Prepare as directed in the foregoing recipe, but instead of the hard-boiled eggs mixed best with the dandelion just before adding the dressing. Cucumbers cut up fine may also be put with the dandelion in place of the egg or beet.

Spinach and Egg Salad.
Cook the spinach, chop it very fine, season well hot with butter, salt and pepper and add a little cream. Set it aside to cool. When entirely cold form it into little nests with the spoon and hands, laying these on a platter in the center of each one put the hard-boiled yolk of an egg. Cut the whites into slices and garnish the dish and the spinach nests with the rings. Serve with a French dressing to which you have put vinegar in the same proportion as the oil.

Should you wish you can serve the nests on separate plates, one for each guest. They are a little difficult to handle, unless one serves them with a pie or fish knife.

Asparagus and Egg Salad.
Boil the asparagus until done and cut the tender part of it into short lengths. Arrange this on a dish, lay rings of hard-boiled egg over it and place the hard-boiled yolks, unbroken, around the base. Serve with a French or a mayonnaise dressing.

If I give a choice between the two it is only because some lovers of mayonnaise insist upon having it on any salad. It is far heavier than French dressing, less wholesome and is, moreover, unsuitable for the light salads which are

eaten in summer. At a dinner it is, to my mind, nearly as much out of place as would be a dish of lobster or chicken salad. The green salads do not impose an added burden upon the digestion already taxed with solid food, and even a supper or luncheon are better for weather dishes than heavy salads of meat and fruit.

Marion Harland

Preparing the Apple Salad.

Cape Fruit Makes a Refreshing Salad.

Canning in Cold Water.

Cheesecake and Transparens Pudding.

Suggestions and Recipes.

Aerated Bread.

Four a pair of hands under a pair of wet milk; add a tablespoonful each of sugar and of butter and a

Lesson plans are entirely different from other character or transient subjects. Mrs. H. F. H. (Atlanta, Georgia). My native recipe for transparent pudding (150 years old) calls for the juice of one lemon and the grated rind of two. This "native" mixture, when baked in paste pans, was called "cheese cakes" by some. I hear now for the first time, that citron was used as a substitute. But why not? The most conservative of Old Dominion housewives did not maintain that there was no other way than here. On the contrary, the sisterhood borrowed freely from one another, crediting the new recipe to the donor in those curious old manuscript books we treasure now as we would rolls of Egyptian papyrus.

An "Incomparable" I. Some years ago I cut a recipe from the Exchange for a vegetable soup. It is in it. I think they had no shorter name for it. I have lost the recipe, but I get just how the dumplings were made. They were the very best I ever tasted. Knowing that they were in my power, I may be able to recall the recipe. They were in an article upon ways of cooking veal. Mr. Harland is as good as myself in getting incomparable dumplings again. Will you favor me? Mrs. A. M. (Smith Omaha, Neb.).

After diligent search through scrap book and cookery manuals I have alighted upon what I hope may be what you refer to. Is this the recipe that found distinguished favor in your eyes and in John's?

Dumplings for Stew.
One cupful of flour, sifted twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of butter. Beat the butter into the prepared flour, mix with the milk into a soft dough. Roll into balls, wet and, handling as lightly as possible, form the dough into balls and drop into boiling water. Cook for ten minutes. They should be ready at the same time as the gravy as they get slummy with waiting.

This and the accompanying recipe for veal stew are taken from my National Cook Book. I do not recollect that I published them in the Exchange. If I did, I believe the comments, having been extracted from this, one of my household series. Try it and let me know if I have found the right thing.

The Captive Brownie

"WHEN I had an Aladdin's lamp," Roddy, discontentedly. But I heard him say this so many times that I didn't believe the comment. Roddy was always wishing for what he didn't have. To give him something else to think about, I suggested that we take baseball gloves and a ball and go out in the yard for a "catch."

Now, I kept what we called our "sporting goods" in a great chest, which we had discovered a long time ago in the garret. Mother was only too glad to have me make use of it, and much as she found baseballs and tops and shiny sticks scattered through the house.

Brother Roddy flung back the lid of the chest, but instead of selecting the things he wanted, he chose a box that never big with astonishment. I looked in, too, and I saw I must have looked just as surprised. For there, in the bottom of the box, was a tiny elf.

The manikin winked solemnly at us and then went on examining the baseball he held in his hand.

"What do you use this for?" he piped, after a long scrutiny of the ball. "Roddy and I explained as clearly as we could the uses of baseball. All this seemed to interest the elf greatly.

While I thought it a shame to imprison such a friendly little elf, I thought Roddy knew more about magic than I, so I helped him lock the chest. Roddy was jubilant. He could talk of nothing but what the elf should do for him.

"I shall keep him locked up until tomorrow! By that time, no doubt, he'll be willing to do whatever we ask."

Next morning we arose bright and early. As we made our way to the chest, Roddy whispered excitedly: "First of all, I'm going to make him learn my lessons for today."

Cautiously we unlocked the box. Then we opened the lid just a crack. I couldn't see anything at all, so I told Roddy we'd have to open it wider. This we did, carefully, and found, to our amazement, that the elf had disappeared. And, furthermore, in place of our former baseballs and bats and gloves there were now tiny baseballs and gloves twice before you could see it. Roddy picked up a wee nut, the bottom of the chest. This is what he said:

"I really wanted to be of service to you and your brother, but I labor only for my friends. If you will look at this, you will see that I've done some magic for you."

"If you're going now—the game way—let me see if you can do magic for others. I'll be thinking of you."

There wasn't anything to do but what—Roddy and I did that. I don't think I'll ever do it again, but Roddy has never ceased to regret the loss of his elf, great or small.

The Housemothers' Exchange

I HAVE been married but six months, and, having had no experience in the art of cooking, I find housekeeping quite a puzzle, especially the matter of meal-gelling.

My husband eats all a week, and I must make things "go" so that he can eat. The food question comes uppermost. I have tried the "meatless week," and I am in debt before Friday. Our breakfast never varies. My husband, an old soldier, coffee and fruit when in season.

Dinners and suppers are certainly a problem. Kindly suggest some simple dishes that are yet nourishing, and I am sure you will be able to help me. I am sure you will be able to help me. I am sure you will be able to help me.

Two regrets arise in the mind of the practical housemother in reading a letter that is pathetic from the first to the last line, namely—that child should have been married at sixteen, and she ought have had some knowledge of housewifery before she became a poor man's wife. It is as if her John had applied for the place of a bookkeeper before he could add up a line of figures in simple addition.

Let that pass! When I was a child, I used to hear the politically disposed boys sing a campaign song of which I recall but one line:

"Leave vain regrets for errors past!"

It was good advice, no matter what party said it. It is as good now as then. Our labors in the world are manifold, and they must live on \$11 per week. That is

—they must pay rent, buy fuel and the hundred necessities that go into daily living—and all for \$11 or \$10! Somehow that way of stating the sum makes the case sound more pitiful yet. And the feminine babe has been trying to make both ends meet around the Weekly Family Menus, published in this Corner!

I could say: "Heaven forgive me for writing them!" when I reflect upon what the effort has cost.

She asks me prettily—as my granddaughter might plead for a doll's lace—why I "cheap out" on my dishes. I am glad that eggs are dropping in price. Her John then there for breakfast. Let her, once in a while, feed him with them for dinner, having taken a quarter of an inch thick. Break a fourth of a dollar's worth of meat.

Does she know how savory are fricassees eggs? Three would make a dish for her and her husband. Boil them early in the day—hard! They cannot be too hard. Throw them into cold water and leave them there until you are ready to cook them. Then, take off the shells, and slice crosswise about a quarter of an inch thick. Break a fourth of a dollar's worth of meat.

Toast triangles of stale bread and lay about the fricassee. It is good! Serve baked potatoes with it, and follow with a brown Betty. Three apples cooking,

not eating apples) will make that. Wash and peel them. Put the poelings over the fire in just enough water to cover them, and boil fast while you prepare the rest of the pudding. Do this by cutting the apples into bits and putting them into a bake-dish, sprinkling each layer with fine crumbs, sugar and a dash of spices. When all are in, put a few drops of butter on top. Now take the tender parings from the fire and rub the pulp through a colander—back into the water in which they were cooked.

Sweeten this and pour over the pudding. Cover the bake-dish and cook half an hour. Discover and brown lightly before spreading with the white of egg, whipped to a meringue, with a teaspoonful of sugar. Shut it up in the oven for two minutes. Eat hot or cold. If not sweet enough for John's taste, lift sugar over his "help."

Thirty cents will cover the cost of that dinner—or forty, if you add bread and butter and a cup of tea or coffee. "Very plain fare," you will say! True, but \$11 per week is a plain fare dinner. Next week I will give you a recipe for a meat dish that will make a dinner and a luncheon, and cost but a cents in all.

Suggestions and Recipes.
1. Harvest please find recipe for making aerated bread, asked for in a late issue of the Exchange.

Aerated Bread.
Pour a pint of water under a pair of wet milk; add a tablespoonful each of sugar and of butter and a

spoonful of salt. Stir into this mixture enough flour to make a moderately stiff batter, and beat in the open air, with long sweeps of the beater that bring fresh air into the heart of the batter every time, until it is lumpy. Then add the yeast. This will work in air in four or five minutes. Turn the batter into a bowl, and let it rise until light. Then mold into loaves, and while they have doubled their original bulk, bake in a moderate oven.

This quantity will make four loaves. I have a quantity of some ready-made form; put it into the bowl of a perfectly clean mixer. Fit the mixer in the bowl the flume through the bowl into the ear. It will give relief almost immediately.

2. To remove machine grease, sponge with kerosene.

3. When angry, wait until tomorrow before "reliving your mind."

4. To remove machine grease, sponge with kerosene.

5. When angry, wait until tomorrow before "reliving your mind."

6. To remove machine grease, sponge with kerosene.

7. When angry, wait until tomorrow before "reliving your mind."

Local and General.

The fire brigade teams will soon start training for the provincial contests.

Read The Advertiser's classified ads. You may find just what you want there.

"The Kerry Gow" was played to a fair house Wednesday night. No doubt the attendance would have been much larger had the public had longer notice.

Local horse men are making use of the fine spring days to begin getting their steppers in shape for the season. Lacombe has a good bunch of promising ones.

At Epworth League meeting on Monday evening Rev. T. Bowen of Blackfalds gave a lecture on "Life in Bermuda." The speaker had spent some years in Bermuda and his lecture was an interesting one.

Edmonton, March 31.—That all possible canines be exterminated is the advice of the Provincial bacteriologist in view of prevalence of rabies in the south of the Province and the possibility of the disease reaching this part of Alberta.

The mounted police made an important and daring capture last Friday near Stettler, of a bunch of men supposed to have been engaged in the hazardous occupation of horse and cattle stealing. The capture was made by Sergeant Detective Nicholson, Corporal Ennor of Lacombe, and Constable McKenzie. The men under arrest give their names as Jos. Cardinal, Jas. Holtz, Irv. Holtz, Abe Salways and Louis Salways. They were brought to Lacombe on Saturday and later were taken to the R.N.W.M.P. barracks at Edmonton to await preliminary hearing.

Services for Holy Week will be held in St. Cyprian's church as follows: Wednesday, April 7th, on which date, if the slides expected from England arrive in time, Rev. A. J. Pastone of Rimby, will give a lantern service on "The Passion;" Thursday, Service of Preparation for Holy Communion, 8 p.m.; Good Friday, Services at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. At both services on Good Friday, collections will be taken for work among the Jews and on Wednesday, if the lantern service is held, a collection towards the cost of providing the slides. Easter Day Services will be at 9 (Holy Communion) and 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Service at Ponoka, 3 p.m.

Fire at Tofield.

Edmonton, March 29.—Fire which broke out in the business section of Tofield, the enterprising little embryo town on the Grand Trunk Pacific, 50 miles east of Edmonton, at one o'clock on Saturday morning, destroyed the stores and stocks of Kennedy Bros., hardware, and Molton & Adams, grocers, and the real estate office of A. J. H. McCauley, and threatened the balance of the business places before it was got under control. The losses, which run up into the thousands, are fairly covered by insurance. Only meagre details have reached the city of the conflagration which came so nearly wiping out the entire business portion of the thriving little village.

Easy to Mix This.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription which is said to be a positive remedy for backache or kidney or bladder derangement, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here at home, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic affections with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the toxic acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

Reply to the Globe.

The writer, for the second time during the late election, has been treated to an installment of cheap sarcasm and offensive insinuation. Latterly the intention has been, evidently, to attach stigma and reproach at our action in supporting Mr. Geo. McDonald in the Olds election, who was, as most people now know, unsuccessful.

We supported Mr. McDonald because he was a farmer, unexceptionally qualified as a representative, an active member in our U.E. Association, in touch every way with the agricultural interest.

With Mr. McDonald's knowledge of the wants and requirements of farmers and his ability to champion their interest in the legislature the opportunity was unique and we were just as much interested in the gentleman as though he had lived and been running in the Lacombe district. We regret certainly very much that he did not succeed but we do not regret our action or seek for commiseration for what we done.

The government's snap verdict dodge done just what the bosses anticipated it would do: that the Opposition would have no time. With the government side it has been a system of vote catching from the first inception. Three fourths of the press is said to be on the string subsidized. According to a return brought down to the House, thousands have been distributed between 7 or 8 newspaper offices, and with these all in full blast a full year before the election, sounding their fame and their praise with their pledges and their promises is it any wonder that the opposition were in the minority. Mr. McDonald had just 12 days to get around among the electors.

According to most of the grip papers Premier Rutherford is a ruler by right divine, but he don't begin to measure up with the Conservative Premier Whitney, of Ontario. He was big enough and

generous enough to take the opposition leader into his confidence and arrange for the time of their election so that thereafter this question was not raised. How the Liberals like the farmers! It was the old story, all their combined force against him; the same in Wetaaskwin riding. It has always been thus and yet they profess to have such a feeling for the farmer. And the hypocrisy! P. J. Nolan, the Premier and Attorney-General were all in the Olds riding. It was "support us on our record—no party" when everything from start to finish goes to prove that it's Liberalism all through of the most pronounced type. Not even an Independent had any show. Heibert, because he said a few words in favor of the government when in session, was a hero with them. At the joint meetings down on the borders of Didsbury Duncan Marshall did not say "vote for Heibert" but it was "vote for our friend Jas. Stauffer." J. J. GREGORY.

Stomach Distress.

Every family here ought to keep some Diapiesin in the house as any one of you may have an attack of indigestion or stomach trouble at any time, day or night.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour stomach five minutes afterwards.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50 cent case of Pape's Diapiesin and take one triangle after supper to-night. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin is a certain cure for all stomach misery, because it will take hold of your food and digest it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Actual, prompt relief for all your stomach misery is at your Pharmacist, waiting for you.

These large 50 cent cases contain more than sufficient to cure a case of dyspepsia or indigestion.

Blackfalds.

W. Blythman went this week to Wainwright, to look over a business proposition at that point.

Mrs. James McKay, north of this village, is seriously ill.

This district is again in the throes of an election. Voting for school debentures will be held on Saturday, 3rd inst.

Rev. G. W. Fortune, field secretary of the Temperance and Moral Reform Society addressed a mass meeting in the Presbyterian church last Thursday evening. A. J. Shular was appointed chairman of the local branch, and L. A. Hill secretary-treasurer.

A number of persons financially interested in the Electric Power and Light plant were in town on Friday last, and paid a visit to the dam. It is understood that a concrete dam will be put in this sum-

mer, the old one proving to be defective and unsatisfactory.

The local branch of the U.F.A. held a meeting here on Saturday afternoon. The chief topic of discussion was hogs for the government packing plant, also twine and flour.

Auction sales seem to be the order of the day. W. P. Donald will sell his effects on Saturday. After settling his business, Mr. Donald will return to Minnesota.

F. C. Zimmer, who recently disposed of his business to J. McKay, left on Tuesday with his family for Medicine Hat, where they will reside in the future.

South Gull Lake.

On Friday evening last an entertainment was given in the school house, for the purpose of raising money for the purchase of an organ for the school.

A splendid literary and musical program was rendered, the main features of which were three splendid comedy acts. The musical numbers were also much appreciated.

After the literary program, the most enjoyable evening was brought to a close with a basket social, the sale of baskets bringing in the handsome sum of \$65.00.

Here's One for the Ranchers and Farmers

We have made an arrangement whereby for a limited time we will send The Lacombe Advertiser and Farm and Ranch Review, the two dollar a year papers both for one dollar for a year, to any farmer or rancher in Alberta, British Columbia or Saskatchewan. The Review is the best agricultural paper published west of Winnipeg. If you are already paid in advance on The Advertiser and desire the Review, drop us a card and we will have it sent to you. If your Advertiser subscription is in arrears pay up the arrears and we will send you the Review for a year. This offer of course is made to those only who are not already subscribers to the Review.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will strangle the afflicted with chronic cramps, but one that gives relief in a few days. This is a new remedy that I can now apply all the pains and aches of that deplorable disease.

In Germany—a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable preparation. Many cases of Rheumatism, however, at last, I found the cause of this horrible disease. I found it was the blood, found in Rheumatism blood, seen to disolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And thus, Rheumatism is gone forever. This is now real relief—no actual surgery to suffer longer with real help. We will, and in confidence, recommend this.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

A Little Optical Advice

Will probably save you many a headache. Don't be a victim of eyestrain. It will injure your general health as well as ruin your eyes.

Have your eyes properly examined by Mrs. Meadows, Optician, 131 Jasper W., Edmonton.

THEIR HOPE. THE PEOPLE

Muskoka's Brave Battle for Needy Consumptives.

It is poor consolation to needy consumptives to say that the Government should make provision for the thousands who suffer and die from tuberculosis in Canada every year.

The Government should do a great deal more than they have yet dreamed of doing. But they are not doing it, and in the meantime twelve thousand die annually in the Dominion, from this dread disease. As the situation is to-day, what would be the fate of many consumptives in Canada were it not for the two Muskoka Free Hospitals for Consumptives in April, 1902, not a single applicant has ever been refused admission because of his or her inability to pay.

The Government contribute \$150 per week per patient. The cost of maintenance is \$8.25 a week. The difficult task of maintenance of all needy patients has through these years been made up by private philanthropy.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Mr. J. S. Robertson, 347 King Street West, Toronto, writes us that, with the financial depression of the past year, the funds of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives have suffered greatly. At the commencement of the winter season the Trustees have to face a heavily overdrawn bank account and have many obligations to meet.

Despite these financial worries every applicant is receiving careful consideration and patients are admitted as promptly as beds are made vacant. All through these years the Institution has continued, not by any rich endowment, for such does not exist, but by the generous contributions of the people—the small sums rather than the large ones.

We frankly say that we do not know, in our experience, of more worthy and deserving charity, and our hope is that the readers of these lines will respond to the appeal that is now made for funds for the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

CANADA'S POOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A Story more Touching than anything from the Pen of the gifted Ian MacLaren.

In the current issue of the DOOR OF HOPE, published by the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, a page is given over to letters received from the many persons from all parts of the Dominion seeking admission to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

"I am a young married man, twenty-three years of age. For several years I have been sick, but always able to keep my feet. Now I have come to the time when I cannot work, and cannot get medicine without means. My lungs are affected, and I am writing now to see if you can get me into the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. My young wife is here, and her parents have kindly opened their doors to her if I go away."

Just one more of the many we might quote. This is from a physician in Campbellford, Ont. He writes:—"I have a patient suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, who has been laid off work for about three months ago—was in bed part of that time, but latterly both his pulse and temperature have kept down and his weight going up. He is the only support of the family—mother, crippled father, and younger brother, but his neighbors are trying to raise a small amount of money to help him."

We have sometimes thought that if Ian MacLaren, who has given to us the character of Dr. McClure, were alive today that in letters such as these he would find material for a book more touching and pathetic in many parts than his Bonnie Brier Bush.

It is on behalf of cases like these, of which there are scores reaching the Secretary of the Sanitarium every week, that the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives makes its appeal today for funds.

This institution has not at any time, since its doors were first opened in April, 1902, refused a single patient because of the applicant being unable to pay.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 84 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.



Rates for Insertion of Advertiser Classified Ads.

1 cent per word per week. No advertisement inserted for less than 25 cents. Figures and initial letters count as words. When replies are to be forwarded 10 cents additional charged to cover postage.

FOR SALE—50 head of dry mares and geldings, raised in Saskatchewan.—J. A. Phillips, Bluff Center, Alta.

FOR SALE—South African Scrip for sale. Money to loan.—A. D. Mabry, National Trust Building, Saskatoon, Sask.

FOR SALE—A good promising young bull. Will make an extra good cow. John Williams, South Gull Lake, section 20-40-28 W. 5. P. O. address: Lacombe, Rural Route 1.

WANTED AT ONCE—Capable girl for general housework. Middle aged woman preferred. Good wages. Apply to Mrs. Andrew Gilmore, Lacombe, Alta.

FOR RENT—Improved quarter section within 4 miles of Lacombe. 80 acres under cultivation. Well drained and very productive soil. Grain or cash rent. Inquire at The Advertiser office.

POSITION WANTED.—Lim Tom, a first class cook, desires a position as first cook. Call at Hop Chung's laundry, Lacombe, or address P. O. Box 28.

PANCAKE FLOUR—Try the Sunset Golden Pancake Flour manufactured in Lacombe District, by C. W. Ulrich. On sale at the mill southwest of Bentley, or at A. Urquhart & Co.'s Store Lacombe, and at Putland's store and Uhl's store, Bentley. Price \$1.25 per 100 lbs.

CRACKER JACK YOKES OF CATTLE—5 and 6 years old, weight 1400 lbs., well broken to harness. A 1-walkers, disposition at right price. With harness, \$175.00.

1 TEAM GELDINGS—9 and 10 years old, 2650 lbs. perfectly sound, \$300.00. Have been worked all winter, ready for work.

1 GELDING—6 years old, 1250 lbs. \$150.00.

Yearling and 2 year old steers.

2 and 3 year old heifers, fresh next two months. Can be bought at right price. D. C. EMBROCK.

Estray.

ESTRAY—With my cattle since November last, one blood red heifer 3 years old, no visible brand, now running on the S. W. 34 Sec. 9, T. 38, R. 24 W. 4. Own kindly prove property, pay expenses and remove the same.—E. Walter Simpson, Lacombe.

Horses Wanted

We will buy any number of working horses and first class drivers.

Must be sound and not over 8 years old.

Prompt attention to all correspondence.

EDMONTON HORSE EXCHANGE.

Edmonton, Alta.

Phone 1819.

LaRose & Bell, Props.

Restaurant!

The Restaurant in Russell Block opposite Fortune's livery stable, is now doing business under new management—Yock Tway & Co. Meals at all hours. Fruits and confectionery.

Try a want ad. in our classified column. It pays.